

Mistress Celiers

LAMENTATION

For the loss of her

LIBERTY



Unhappy and unfortunate Woman that I am, shall I never be delivered from my Sorrows, and am no longer troubled with one Mischief, then I am troubled with many Troubles, as lives by Representatives of Gods Misings, one upon the Neck of another, and the latter alwayes brings me more unwelcome News than the former; my Miseries may be well compared to the VVaves, this is no sooner gone than another takes its place; how many tedious months Imprisonment have I suffer'd to maintain that weak Cause, which at last must fall? I have been gould and pillory'd, and cost and rambled so, as never poor woman in Travel was, when I have had a little Liberty, and the benefit of the Air for an hour, how unpleasant have my Fancies made it to me. Charing-croft may bear me witness what showers of Bones, Stones, Fatness and Rotten-Eggs fell upon my crazy Head? Nothing gives me so much as I do, so hopes of being fam'd for my Sufferings, every thing runs the contrary to my wishes: what avails the Jesuites sufferings, my Lord Straffords ill luck, and my misery? Alas, our Cause is not two peace the better for it, we cannot say, as I have have got an inch of ground: What signifies the Dissolution of a Parliament, when the Dissolution of one is but the Creation of another, as far ought I to ever longer, never better, now Parliaments take great stricken, Dissolve and purge away all their Corruption from them, and Sir John has gone, he that could have commanded an Army to serve us, and he hardly procured a Friend to serve himself: we have lost many a brave Fellow that still minded with our interest, and were ready to Swear there was no Plot, many have we lost, that vigorously (though unsuccessfully) strove to cast a Spanish Fly upon us, and many a jolly Pentioner that (Weather-cock-like) would have turned every way the Wind blew; what hopes have we now left, as we should to God, that the King would be so kind to us as to make the number of Lords to equal the number at Commons, this would dulcify our Greifs, and lessen our miserable Sorrows, look upon the back-side of my Book, and you will see the Anchor and my Resolution Never to Change, but if these days and these times hold out much longer I doubt my Anchor will slip, and my Faith and my Cable will break: What flesh and blood can be able to bear these Afflictions for the maintenance of a bad Cause? No VVoman would have been so much Preist-ridd as I have been, few of my Sex would have carried their heavy Cross half so long and to no purpose: well, I'me perswaded my Tongue will break open these Ivory Barrs, I shall not be able to hold my Clack any longer, I must be my own Midwife and deliver my self of this

...just when I was in such discovery, they then blocke in my way to retard
 my motion, their Doctrine is to force against a Blabb Tongue, that I am for-
 ced; like a Snail, to creep into my Shell and pull in my Horns: if I conceal, Saint-
 ship stands at my right hand, and Pardon on my left: if I reveal, the Terrors of
 God are hardly more than are set before me, Hell's on my right side and Damna-
 tion on the left, Devils are before, and behind, of all sorts and sizes if I discover,
 farewell Absolution, farewell that Ghostly Father that would Pardon me, if I
 could Payson a Million of Protestants: well I'm resolv'd to be silent, I am sure
 of a Pardon at his Hands and I question whether ever my sins may deserve one
 elsewhere: now the more VVickedness I commit, and the more Villanies I re-
 peat, the more sure I am of my Absolution, and a chuck under the Chin to the
 bargain: I will not shrink an inch for a Kingdome were it but for the hopes of
 Saint Calix at last: He now begins to be in Love with a Pillory, and strive to
 meritt it as oft as I can, and every Stone they throw I'll labour to preserve as
 Monuments of my Sufferings, and secure them for Rellicks to Posterity: Thus I
 shall get a name above every name, and be reckon'd famous in after Ages, the
 Preist will admire me, and the Lay-men adore me: My remembrance will be pre-
 cious to every Papist in the VVorld. Therefore Tears, Sighs and Groans bid
 me farewell, in vain you creep upon my pensive Breast to disturb my quiet

Her Cordial

Like Courage dropping Soules for Rotten Hands fast, till I vanisht in the
 Ditch raised as Hand, the Ditchers cast
 Galloway tells me Baglands Banns near
 he told, I say, my soul, and do no fear
 but may be made a new man for all
 Eggs tell upon my cross Heart
 of being found for my sins
 what a vile the Pious
 As our Cant is now
 got an inch of ground
 the Distinction of one
 get never better, now
 away all their Corruption
 have commingled an Army to live
 himself: we have lost many
 and were ready to sweat
 (though a success) have
 by Paradox that (W
 view: what hopes have
 be so kind to us
 mons, this would
 upon the back of
 Never a Change
 my Anchor will
 blood can be able
 No VVoman would
 sex would have
 I me bewaild my
 to hold my Clock
 this

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